

The Colonnade

November 11, 1971

GEORGIA COLLEGE

No. 3

Senate Defeats Publication Bill

In what turned out to be the main Senate business, Bill number 29, the Senate Publication Act of 1971, was defeated.

The bill authored by Senator Charles Middlebrooks, essentially stated: 1) The Colonnade and Spectrum needed to be incorporated in CGA.; 2) The manner in which the editors are elected; 3) The Responsibility and Duties of the Editors of the Colonnade and Spectrum; 4) The manner and causes for Impeachment and Disciplinary action of the editors.

After the bill was read, and afterwards discussions ensued with Senator Charles Middlebrooks and President David Pettigrew giving support, arguing for the bill, while the Senators Mary Cardin (Honors Dorm) Juan Ravelo (Day Student), Rick Baxter (Ennis) and Keith Jones (Ennis) arguing against the bill. The Vote told the final story with bill No. 29 being defeated by a vote of 25 against and 7 for the bill. Other business brought before

the senate was a constitutional amendment proposed by Senator Lane (Day Student) concerning when the budget will be approved. Also there was another bill presented by Senator Middlebrooks, to establish Student represen-

tatives to the city council of Milledgeville. It was placed in committee by President Pettigrew for deliberation.

At the end of the session it was announced that at the next meeting President Bunting would speak.

GC Chorale 131 Strong

by Pam Garrard

The largest organization on campus has begun the most exciting year in its history. The Georgia College choral program has begun with the astounding figure of 131 members, 76 being in the Mixed Chorus, and 55 in the Women's Chorale. A choir council consisting of members from both groups has been elected with Tommy Dungan as the new president.

The first program on the agenda this year is a combined effort of the choral program and the Baldwin County Community Chorus to produce Handel's Messiah. Many citizens of Baldwin County are joining in this program to produce this beautiful work of art. Accompanying the chorus for this program will be a chamber orchestra made up of musicians from the Atlanta area. Soloists for the Messiah will be soprano Mrs. Eloise Wolfersteig, tenor Mr. Sam Hagen from Emory University, alto Mrs. Laura

Hillman from Georgia College, and bass Mr. Roy Delph from Augusta College.

A select group of students has been chosen by the choral conductor, Mr. Martin Bittick, to form a new organization called the "Madrigal Singers". These students are given one hour's credit for this course and meet two hours a week to learn all types of music. Among the concerts the Madrigals will perform in: "An Evening of Christmas Music", which takes place in December; Miss Georgia College Pageant; and for local civic clubs. The group will also take a tour through Georgia February 17-20, 1972, and visit in many high schools. These students will help in spreading goodwill and prestige for the Georgia College campus.

The Mixed Chorus and Women's Chorale will also take a tour through Georgia during spring break. The spirit, enthusiasm, and unity in these groups will certainly help to bring more and better students to Georgia College.



GYMNASTICS TEAM--(Left to right) First Row: Sharon Ledbetter, Bobbie Ruark, Connie Butler, Cathy Gober; Second row: Liz Walters, Crystal Fountain, Prudence Wilso, Miss Ginny Bryant (Coach). Third row: Connie Rider, Wanda McGowan, Jane Lewis, Deborah Newton. Not pictured: Sheila Wood, Jinny Farmer.

Bill Presented To Establish Representative To The City Council

In an effort to produce better college-community relations, a bill to establish student representatives to the city council of Milledgeville was presented to the Senate last Thursday, November 4.

The bill, authored by Charles Middlebrooks, in effect will establish a city representative committee which will act as a liaison between the city of Milledgeville and Georgia College.

The duties of this committee will be to effectively represent student ideas and feelings on any issue that will be pertinent to the people here at Georgia College.

The committee will consist of representatives from each class, with the senior class representative being the chairman, the junior representative being the vice

chairman, the sophomore representative being the secretary and the freshman representative being the assistant secretary.

The election of these representatives, as stated in this bill, will follow the regulations set down by the elections code. To qualify to run as a committee representative, a student must be capable member of his class and he must have been at Georgia College at least one quarter prior to the election, excluding freshman class candidates.

Concerning removal and replacement of committee members, the senate may request the resignation of any representative if he does not attend 75 percent of the functions required by the mayor, city council, and the president of C.G.A. A representative may be impeached upon petition of 20 percent of the student body, and by two thirds vote of the Student Senate.

ATTENTION:

Mouse and the Boys will put on a two hour dance this Friday night November 12. People holding ticket stubs from last Friday night's concert will be admitted free, and tickets for other interested people will go on sell Thursday November 11 in front of Lanier Hall.

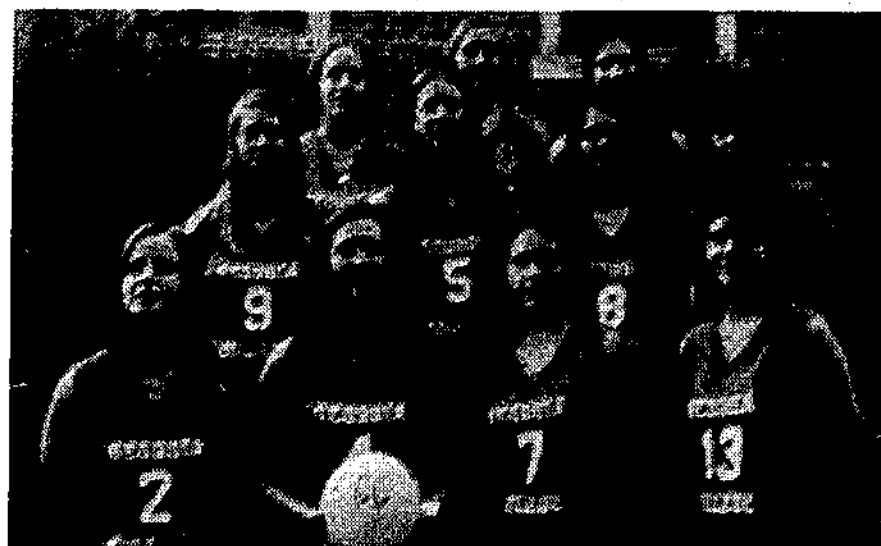
PLEASE PARTICIPATE IN YOUR COLLEGE ACTIVITIES!!!!

Lady Colonials Take First

The Georgia College Women's Volleyball Team traveled to Berry College for the Southern Women's athletic Conference Invitational Volleyball Tournament on November 6, and won first place. Participants in the tournament were Berry College, Mississippi State College for Women, University of Georgia, Tennessee Temple, West Georgia, Calhoun Junior College, Columbus College, and Georgia College. It was a Round Robin Tournament set in two divisions with the winners of each division playing in an playoff for first and second places over-all. G.C. played Mississippi State College for Women for their first match and defeated them 15-6 and 15-7. The second match was against Calhoun Jr. College's A Team and again GC was victorious with scores of 15-3 and 15-12. Calhoun's B Team and GC played for the third match with

GC winning 15-4 and 15-9. GC defeated Columbus College in the fourth match by scores of 15-0 and 15-8. GC claimed their division title against Berry College by defeating Berry 15-2 and 15-8. In the playoffs, Georgia College met West Georgia's B Team and claimed first place by defeating them 15-8 and 15-6.

Coach Jean Osborne said that overall the Lady Colonials performed well and each team member got to play sometime during the tournament. Chosen as a member of the All-Star team was Virginia Belson. The All-Star team is chosen by the officials and coaches. This tourney win gives our Lady Colonials an overall record of 12-4. With several home games yet to be played, the Lady Colonials request that team support is very beneficial in gaining a win.



VOLLEYBALL TEAM--(Left to right) First row: Lynn Bates, Linda Finley, Debby Barlow, Roz Moore. Second row: Mary Jane Garner, Sheila Wood, Alice Arnott, Miss Osborne (Coach). Third row: Jinny Farmer, "Ace" Belson, Diane Puckett.

Pi Beta Alpha Rushes

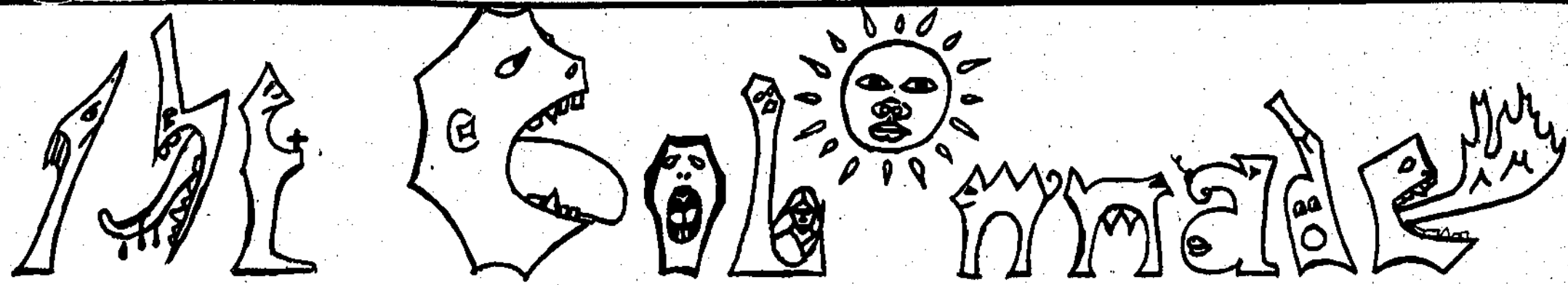
Pi Beta Alpha, the first social fraternity on Georgia College campus, began signing on rushees Thursday at 11:00 in the Student Union. The signing of Rushees will continue through Friday and Monday from 11:00-

1:00 with a general meeting on Tuesday November 16. Any male student is eligible and welcome to apply.

Brothers from the fraternity will be on hand to answer any questions that you may have.

LOST OR STOLEN:
One '67 Cougar From
Bell Dorm. Contact
Steve Butler
Ennis Dorm.

A correction concerning the information given about the concert of Monday, November 22, should herewith be noted. The Lyceum Committee recently learned that the group to be featured in the Preservation Hall Jazz Band will be the Kid Thomas Band rather than the Billie and Dede Pierce combination. The concert will, as previously announced, be featuring the original jazz of New Orleans.



VICKI FINCHER, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
ROBERT RIDDLE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

CHARLES MIDDLEBROOKS, BUSINESS MANAGER
ELAINE GIBBS, MANAGING EDITOR

Spirit Or Vandilism

Near the end of last week, toilet paper had been strewn over front campus by some thoughtless individual. Many comments were directed towards this action and labor hours were wasted on cleaning this mess up. Many of these comments came from people as they passed through the main front campus entrance, which has become a mass of smeared paint by very amateur artists. What people fail to realize is that this paint cannot be removed as easily as a few rolls of toilet paper. School spirit is

one thing, destruction of state property is another. Painting the spirit rock was not too serious, although it did not add points to one's I.Q. score. But to willfully destroy property of the state is a crime that the school and Slipper officials should put to an immediate end. This activity should cease; nothing looks more high schoolish than paint all over every sidewalk and column. It is a shame that so many people left their brains at home when they show support for their classes.

Letters to the editor

Dear Miss Editor:

I have just eaten in the cafeteria. (Need I say more?) But wait, hear me out! I don't intend to be petty and verbally smear the quality of the food all over the place. (sometimes I would just like to smear it... anywhere). Instead I would like to discuss the quantity of the cafeteria's dainty delicatibles. Today, after gaily tripping into the SU, with a rose in each nostril (for character) humming "Melancholy Baby" to myself in C minor, I ran up placed my body in the line, and awaited my turn to be killed. (I mean served...) When it came my stomach was doing embarrassing little gurgles and I was mentally and physically prepared for a good meal. The girl in front of me stopped blowing bubbles with her gum long enough to inform the "hostess" behind the counter that she'd "take some of that stuff" and then I hungrily watched as the lady grabbed a handful of shrimp, some green things and what looked like gorilla's toe nails in her plate. To me it looked good and when I got my plate with 4 shrimp and only 2 toe nails rolling around in the vast emptiness of my plate I wanted to say something dirty. (and I think I did). "Something

Else?" she screamed, causing one of my shrimps to shrivel up and die. I laughed in her face, went, sat down and cried. (I'm an emotional type person when I'm hungry).

Someday, when I've done something famous, like being the first person on campus to smoke college toilet paper (since it's the only thing you can do with college toilet paper), I may get a full quota on my platter. Then only if the lady behind the counter thinks I have a nice smile and clean armpits. Until then, I will probably stand idly by and starve to death. But the next time "Amy Vanderbilt" screams "Something Else" in my ear, I'm going to make her wear my shrimp. Besides this complaint, there is nothing else I dislike about the cafeteria. It is roomy enough for all my friends. (I can take them there in case my grandmother is having a slumber party) and the food is there.

Amen.
Brother Savage

Dear Editor,

It is that time again. Slipper has once again rolled in and it seems like only yesterday that I too was an excited contestant in that beautiful pageant. My cat

Lunchroom Blues

Have you eaten in the lunchroom lately? If you are a campus student, and depend upon our cafeteria for all of your food and also like to eat, I would imagine you have.

Second question—do you always eat as much as you would like to? If you are like most of us, you would probably answer no, since for \$1.10 one hardly receives anything.

The food in our cafeteria is as good as can be expected from a college cafeteria most of the time. Occasionally, it takes a turn for the worst, but that is not what bothers me.

My main gripe is the excessively high prices of almost all of the food. One of my favorite foods is roast beef. Well it was. I just couldn't hack that 50 cents a slice bit. I once thought I could substitute tuna fish salad but a steep price of 45 cents made me change my mind. Have you ever priced roast beef in the local stores? If you haven't you're in for a big

Homer and I are going to attend this year. Being in the loyal Slipper spirit I don't really care who wins, but if that dirty Royal-Irish class comes out ahead I think I might start clubbing the judges with my pocketbook.

I remember all the fun I used to have working to win that shoe. I can remember all the classes we cut and all the tests we missed and the hours of sleep we missed just to win the slipper. We girls used to cut up and call the slipper an "army boot." But we were just clowning. There was not anything we girls wouldn't have done to win that golden shoe. We really did worship that thing. It was the greatest moment in my life to win for four years in a row. I just wish everyone was as lucky as me to have that tremendous honor. Enough memories; time to skidoo.

Sincerely,
Helen Alice Goalbody
Class of '29

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supermarket.

I doubt that this article will make any difference in the prices but without a doubt this needs looking into. I don't think that cafeterias should be in operation to make a substantial profit, but someone somewhere is making one helluva profit, especially when they sell steak to poor souls without lunch-tickets for 95 cents a chunk.

Think about it students. What is happening?

Respectively submitted,
Thomas Martin

They're Off

The HPER Department of Georgia College proudly announces its second Annual Intramural Co-ed Turkey Run. The race will take place on November 22 at 4:00 p.m., with each member of the winning team receiving a turkey for Thanksgiving.

Prices on courses of food should be done away with and the meal of a student compensated for in his matriculation fee. Other schools can do it, so why not Georgia College?

I suppose the lunchroom people will say that there is a very high cost in running a lunchroom. This too should be taken care of in all the fees we pay at the beginning of every quarter. I am sure that the food we receive is not all that expensive. I would imagine that the school gets their food much cheaper than the average homeowner in the local

CGA Notes

by Cal Wray

I would like to take this opportunity to commend Tim Walker and his Student Activities Committee on an outstanding job. They have gone to a lot of time and trouble to try and secure good entertainment for our concerts and dances. The only trouble is that there is a very poor attitude on campus. If the future of the college were left up to some of the students, GC would become a "suitcase college." One on campus always hears the age old gripe "I didn't know about the dance

or concert." Well, that problem has been taken care of by Tim and his crew. All one has to do is check the white bulletin board outside of Lanier to obtain any information about entertainment. This past weekend there was a concert in Russell Auditorium. The attendance for this concert was pitiful. One is always hearing the complaint about entertainment on campus. Well, if you don't get involved and attend the different functions on campus, then don't complain!

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Duane Allman Killed

As most of you know by now, the Allman Brothers band of Macon has really suffered a great loss in the death of their lead guitarist, Duane Allman. The twenty-four year old creator and leader of the band died in a freak motorcycle accident on October 30. According to a witness if he had had his helmet strapped on, he may have lived because the main injury was a severe blow to the head. But regardless of how he died, the blues world has lost one of its finest guitarists.

Just what the band plans to do now remains to be seen. There have been rumors that Eric Clapton of Larry Rhinehart (better known as Rhino from the Iron Butterfly) may be asked to take over the open position. Another rumor is that the band will keep playing on as is, but doing it free in Duane's memory for a year.

GC Takes To The Road

The Georgia College Soccer team took to the road for a long weekend of play, facing St. Bernard, Mercer and Tennessee Temple.

The first match was played in Macon, against the Mercer Bears. The Colonials tied this game with a score of 2-2. The first half was uneventful for the Colonials but the Bears did manage to get one goal in the first time period.

Early in the second half the Bears scored again which put the score at 2-0. Then the Colonial inside forward, Ralph Piro, broke loose and put Georgia College on the board. Later in the second half captain Tom Rainey scored Georgia College's second goal on a penalty kick.

The game ended in a tie and was put into two overtime periods with neither team being able to score.

The second match was played in Alabama, against St. Bernard. The St. Bernard team was the strongest faced so far by the Colonials. The Colonials played an extremely fine game but were unable to score on the highly skilled St. Bernard team. The St. Bernard Saints did however, put two goals in which gave them a 2-0 victory over the colonials.

The third match was played against Tennessee Temple. The Colonials were not up to their usual playing ability in this match the Tennessee Temple rolled up five (5) goals while the Colonials scored only two (2) goals. These were made by Ralph Piro and Tom Rainey. The game was uneventful until the fourth quarter when an illegal sliding tackle made by a Temple play injured Colonial right winger Joe Beacher.

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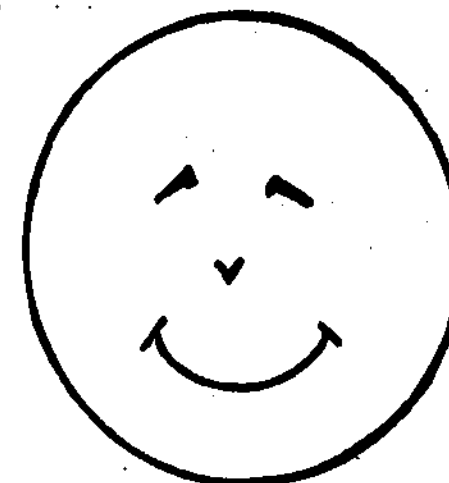
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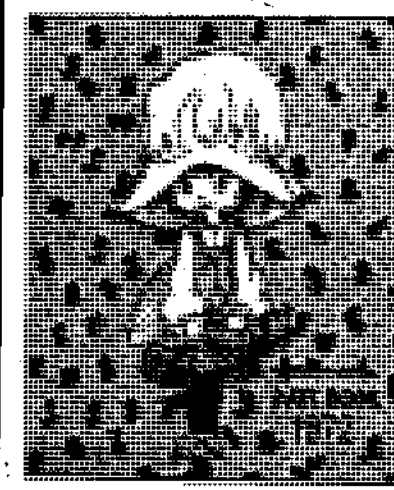
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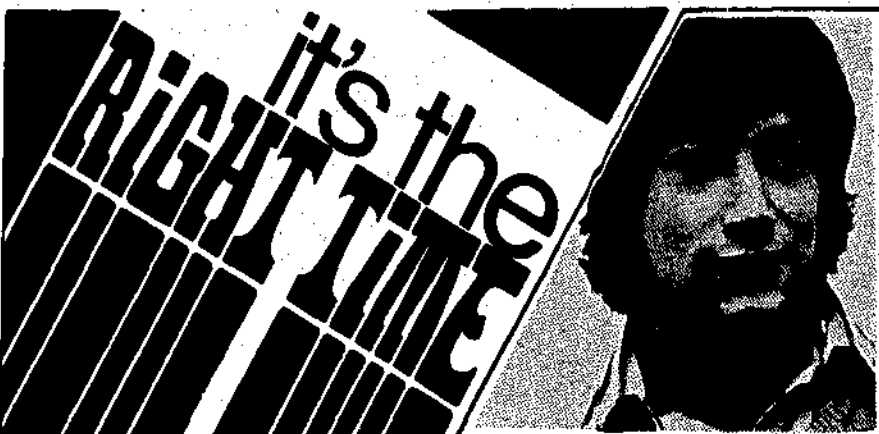


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by Rick Mitz

I just returned from having my hair cut. Or styled. Or shaped. Or razored. Or coiffed. Or whatever it is they do to men these days that they only used to do to women.

It was a traumatic experience, worse than my first haircut somewhere around the age of one, which I remember only through a triple-exposed snapshot of a screaming, crying, miserable kid named me. This one was worse.

It's not fashionable today to have your hair cut. It's just supposed to sit there. Or stand

there. And grow. But my hair doesn't work that way. It just sort of crawls around my head and wiggles around from ear to ear, making me look like a curious cross between Julius Caesar and Lily Tomlin.

So I swallowed my social pride and my youth image and made an appointment for a haircut with one of those fancy, expensive places that promises (or your hair back in a plastic bag) a haircut "so good you won't even know you had it cut." Considering the state of my hair, I should have known better.

But the most important reason that I made the big move was because my mother's father went bald at the age of 22. Thinking back on Psychology 1 and 2, and my dabbles in genetics, I decided that with only three months left of having hair, it might as well resemble hair rather than a spinach patch.

I walked into the shop (or, rather, "Shoppe") and looked over the inevitable pile of magazines on the Formica rack: Argosy, Playboy, Gen-

tleman's Quarterly, Male—not one copy of Glamour although it wouldn't have been out of place. I sat down with my copy of Male, Crossed my legs The Way Men Do, and waited for my 3 o'clock appointment with Roger, this Shoppe's answer to Mr. Kenneth and Mr. Delilah.

Three o'clock finally came. A small, immaculately coiffed man came out and gave my head of hair a disdainful glare.

"Oh. You must be Mr. Mitz," he said. "Step this way for your consultation." I followed him into a small, ornately decorated room lined with mirrors, Golden Scissor Best Barber awards, combs, brushes and assorted scissors.

"We deal here in hair-human hair," Roger explained carefully, as though I thought maybe they dealt in drugs. "I'm concerned with everything from the fine follicles to the roots. Turn around," he added.

He started rubbing his hands on my scalp. "You have a marvelously molded skull," he said.

"Thanks. What about my haircut?"

He removed his fingers from my "marvelously molded skull" and looked aghast. "We do not cut hair here. We shape hair—we mold it to fit your skull, to fit your facia features."

There was a long, awkward silence. Finally Roger stood up and made an announcement.

"Shag!"

"It sure is," I said, glancing into one of the 45 mirrors lining the small room.

"No no no no no," he said. "You must, simply must, have The New Shag Look."

Taking my hand, Roger led me across the Shoppe to the sink.

"Now I will rinse your hair in warm—not too hot now—water and wash it with mild-mild-mild sham-poo. And now, a gentle-gentle-gentle conditioner. Rinse again and—voila—you are washed."

As I dripped across the Shoppe, a little man with Ernest sewed on his crisp white jacket followed Roger and me with a sponge mop, wiping up my hair's spillage. I decided not to tip him.

We went back to Roger's little cubicle. Like an artist executing a new painting, Roger got out his tools—a funny scissors with pronged edges, a regular scissors, a small razor tool. He was almost ready to begin the operation when he noticed something in the mirror.

"My Gawd," he said, rushing to the mirror. He glanced for a moment at his own hair, and then reached for a can of hair spray (for MEN MEN MEN) and sprayed away. "Not a moment too soon," he sighed. And then he started cutting. And with it, the sales pitch began.

"You really should take better care of your hair," he said. "You must wash it every day with a mild-mild-mild sham-poo which I happen to have here for only \$3.50 a tube and a gentle-gentle-gentle conditioner which I happen to have here for only \$2.50 and you must have a hot air comb."

"A what?" I said, jumping up, almost decapitating myself with his razor.

"A hot air comb. A must for the well-groomed head. They're small appliances that are used in all the leading European salons on all the leading heads of hair. A steady stream of hot air seethes out and your hair is dry before you can say—"

"Yes, I know. Voila."

Ernest walked by and swept up my long lost locks from the linoleum.

"Well, how does it look?" Roger asked, holding a small gilded gold mirror to the back of my head.

"It looks—ah, shaggy."

"Good. That's the way it's supposed to look." He unwrapped the towel he had placed around my neck, cranked down the chair and stood near the cash register—which, incidentally, even in a ritzy barber Shoppe looks the same as the one in the four-seater, with the revolving pole in front down the block.

"I assume then, that you don't want the shampoo, conditioner or hot air comb?" he asked me as I paid him.

I escaped without sham-poo, conditioner, or hot air comb. I also escaped without \$10, remembering Roger's last words of advice: "Come back in about two weeks for another shaping."

I walked out of the Shoppe feeling strangely naked, and sort of ashamed that I had let vanity take away one of the few remaining youth symbols that I had left.

But thank Gawd. In three months I'll be bald. I can't wait. After all, as my new friend Roger told me (and undoubtedly will tell you if you ever make the visit), I have a marvelously molded skull.



Have you seen this?

If so, contact

Hank Dyer.

He has her leash



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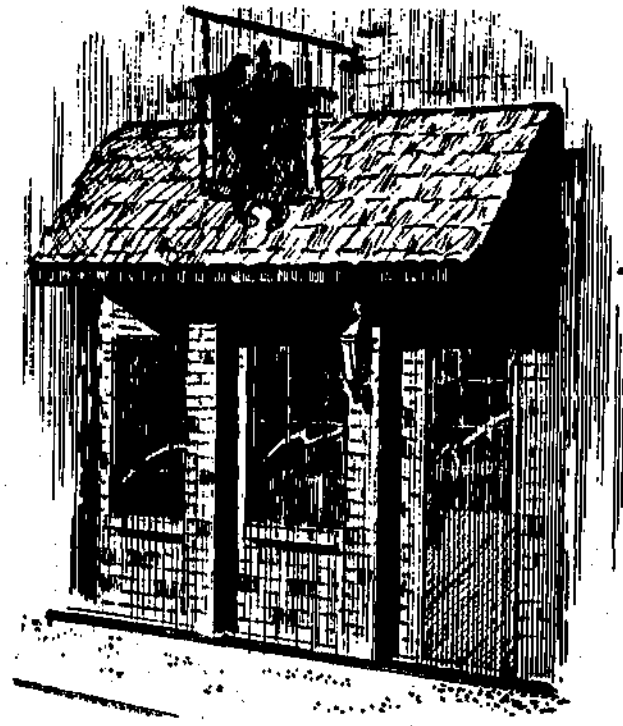
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